

New York Tribune

First to Last—The Truth: News, Editorials—Advertisements
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Germany Can Pay

What is the use at this time of protracted argument over what Germany can or cannot pay? Before this question can be profitably considered another must be answered. It is: "Does Germany want to pay?" The overwhelming evidence is that she does not. Every line of professional propaganda indicates that Germany, though her riches were those of the fabled Golconda, would not surrender a cent either in money or goods except on compulsion. If she were an honest debtor her creditors would be patient, but she is not honest.

Germany's dishonesty is shown not only by her withdrawal of the plea of guilty that she entered when her delegates signed and her Reichstag ratified the Versailles Treaty, but by her persistent use of the word "indemnity." Germany has not been asked to pay an indemnity. All that is required of her is to meet in part the bill for the actual damage that she did.

Some one must bear the cost of restoring the devastated regions. If Germany does not, then France, Belgium and the other invaded nations must. The issue is thus a simple one: Shall the victim or the victimizer shoulder the load?

When Germany says she will not pay she says that France must pay in her stead, and this is to say France can. What a contradiction! It is beyond the ability of an unravaged population of 60,000,000 to carry a load that a ravaged population one-third less in number can carry? Our pro-German friends are strangely blind to the implications of this contention that Germany can't pay.

Of the claims of justice let us say nothing at this time. Let us confine ourselves solely to the practical question of Germany's ability to pay. With a national wealth of a gold value of more than \$100,000,000,000, Germany in February and March, when her notes fall due, can pay 1 per cent in some acceptable fashion if she has the will to do so. France is paying at more than this rate today by withdrawing a great army from production and sustaining it as it labors to restore her devastated departments.

If France is able to do this Germany is able to do as much. It is time to bring to an end an insincere and ridiculous discussion of the reparations question.

Still Room for Improvement

Sir George Riddell, who has been a sort of unpaid publicity man for the British delegation at the Washington conference, is good enough to say he has found that Americans are polite. It is barely possible, of course, that many of Sir George's recent contacts have been with elevator men, bellhops and head waiters, whose pre-Christmas politeness is proverbial. However, he dines out and talks to newspaper men and statesmen, and even members of the Cabinet, so his observation is rather extensive.

It is pleasing for any American to be told by a European that his fellow countrymen are polite. He is never sure that they are himself. The manners of those that he meets in subways and trolley cars and bargain rushes leave much to be desired. If he inadvertently steps on their toes they say things to him designed to hurt his feelings. If he speaks gruffly to them they speak still more gruffly back to him.

But politeness creates politeness. Sir George Riddell is a man of genial personality and great cheerfulness of address, as unlike most untraveled Americans' idea of a Britisher as possible. At once he excites the interest of the natives of this alien land, and when their interest is aroused they are always what is sometimes termed "kindly spoken."

As a matter of fact, not only in America but everywhere politeness is born of the respectful interest men take in other men. This interest can be carried to an extreme and become vulgar curiosity, but Americans do not carry it to an extreme so much as they used to.

The small-town cross-questioning of strangers has passed, even in the small town. Americans can still learn much of manners and politeness if they apply themselves diligently, but they are improving

steadily in both. However, if Sir George were to try to get into a subway car ahead of almost any American of our acquaintance he might discover that the citizens of this Republic are not a bit more polite than the subjects of King George. They are all Cousin Egberts. They can be pushed just so far.

Henry Watterson

Henry Watterson rose to the front rank in American journalism largely because of the pungency and often reckless candor of his speech and writing. He wore his heart and his opinions on his sleeve. He was for a thing or against it. He was not a man of reservations. And lest the public should catch his thought he employed generously his natural aptitude for artistic exaggeration.

Mr. Watterson was never deterred by circumstances or environment from exercising his independent judgment. He was born in Washington, where his father sat for two terms as a Representative from one of the Tennessee districts and afterward became the editor of "The Washington Union." Father and son opposed secession, but followed their state. The younger Watterson served in the Confederate army and for ten months published at Chattanooga a picturesque army newspaper called "The Rebel." After 1865 he again showed his bent for thinking for himself by accepting reconstruction in spirit. He started a newspaper in Nashville and soon migrated to Louisville. As an editor and a citizen of Kentucky his voice was raised for fifty years in behalf of the reconciliation and fraternization of the two sections. He was courageous enough to argue for a generous treatment of the emancipated negro, and he became a fervent admirer and eulogist of Abraham Lincoln, another Kentuckian, whom he recognized as the truest and greatest American of the war era.

The editor of "The Louisville Courier-Journal" was a Democrat, but a nationalist Democrat. Within the party he fought, too, for his own ideas. He differed with Mr. Cleveland and attacked him bitterly. He refused to support Mr. Bryan in 1896. He opposed Woodrow Wilson's nomination and was one of the most vigorous critics of many of the Wilson policies, especially the neutrality policy of the years from 1914 to 1917. He countered "He kept us out of war" with the slogan, "To hell with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs!" Yet he never forfeited his status as a Democrat or lost his hold on his constituency.

He had no taste for officeholding or party management. He sat for a few months in Congress, but refused to stay longer. Yet he was a potent figure in many Democratic national conventions. More than any one else he was responsible for the adoption by the Chicago convention of 1892 of a tariff resolution obnoxious to the leaders who were putting through Mr. Cleveland's third nomination.

In his personal relations Mr. Watterson was open-handed and openhearted, impulsive and disarming. He had hosts of friends and few enemies, in spite of his outspokenness. There were a genuineness and sympathy in his make-up which made an invincible appeal.

In his writing he was vehement, intense and often flamboyant. But there was no affectation in this overemphasis. It was the natural expression of his character, which was ardent and responded to the stimulus of combat. He made himself an oracle in politics and his newspaper a national influence. This was because behind his work as a journalist there was a man—composed of faults and virtues, capable of error as well as of wisdom, but always sincere and uncontrolled, devoted to American ideals as he conceived them and honestly employing his great talents for the public good.

Open the Streets to Traffic

Deputy Police Commissioner Harris suggests that parking basins for automobiles be established under Central Park and perhaps Bryant Square. Engineers can determine whether or not the plan is workable. If it is it ought to be adopted.

At present most of the principal streets are kept half closed to traffic by cars parked along the curbs. The ordinance requiring the removal by the police of cars without chauffeurs is seldom enforced. Even if it were enforced there are enough people who employ chauffeurs to keep the curb clogged with waiting cars.

This is true of Fifth Avenue, Broadway and all other principal thoroughfares, both north and south and cross-town. The few spaces that are given over to parking are always filled to overflowing, as any one who has ever passed through Union Square can testify.

It ought to be possible for suburban residents to drive their cars into town and leave them in some convenient spot while they perform their errands or attend the theater. Garages are usually inconvenient. The average owner-driver balks at backing on an elevator and wedging his cars between others on an upper floor.

Adequate parking places would provide for the needs of motorists and at the same time keep the streets open for the purpose for which they were intended. Mr. Harris

contributed greatly to the facilitation of traffic when he caused the Fifth Avenue signal towers to be installed. The Tribune wishes him success in his latest plan.

The Shillalah's Defeat

The good news from Dublin that the Dail Eireann has a safe majority for the ratification of the Irish treaty lifts a load of anxiety which has rested heavily on the hearts of Irish well wishers.

The friends of the treaty are disclosed as in control, and put through an adjournment to give Irish opinion a further chance to mature and exert its pressure. It is not too much to hope that the senseless De Valera opposition will collapse and that the new government will start backed by a practically unified national sentiment. Ireland would not have another period of guerrilla civil war, with all its attendant horrors, and for once has confuted the hasty critics who have been repeating old slurs on the Irish tendency to divide.

Ireland for two weeks has been on trial before the tribunal of world opinion. Is there a new Ireland, it is asked, safer and responsible, or is the shillalah spirit still dominant? Yesterday's proceedings give a satisfying answer. They are an augury that freedom will not be abused and that a record will be made that will quiet Ulster apprehension and smooth the way to island unity.

The Triumph of Common Sense

There isn't going to be any building strike on January 1. Patrick Crowley, president of the Building Trades Council, announces that the 115,000 workers who had a strike under consideration have consented to continue the old schedule until a new agreement for 1922 can be made.

With the assistance of common sense a new agreement that is satisfactory can be made. In the mean time building will continue and progress will be made in making up the house shortage. All that the employers appear to desire at present is increased efficiency. There is every indication that the employees will be willing to cooperate with them in this.

Each day that building continues uninterrupted will make it more apparent that the interests of both employers and employees are best served by keeping on the job and getting the work done. The contemplated strike would have cost millions of dollars and entailed much suffering on the men in all related lines of trade who would have been thrown out of employment by it.

Common sense prevented the strike on the date set for it. Continued use of common sense will stop any more strike talk.

Russian Famine Relief

Congress has passed the bill appropriating \$20,000,000 for Russian famine relief. It is the Christmas season and an appropriate time for those who have to remember those who have not. The \$20,000,000 is not to go to a tyranny-ridden and starving state, but to the helpless, famished children who are the victims of the political fanaticism and economic madness of the Soviet government.

Children are children and cannot in humanity be held responsible for the sins of the fathers. The appeal made to the United States is one which we cannot find it in our hearts to resist. But it should be realized that charity will not in the long run save either Russia or Russia's starving little folk. The root of the evil is in the vicious economic system forced on the country by Lenin's terrorism. He has halted food production and all other production and has condemned all Russia to economic decay. Until the Soviet régime is overthrown there can be no hope of better things.

While we extend our aid to the little sufferers we should do it with complete recognition of the atrocity of the Moscow system which continues to offer the starving not bread but a stone.

All-American Football

From Walter Camp's 1921 selections for the first, second and third all-American football elevens it appears that the ablest players are well distributed geographically among the colleges. The East has five of the first eleven, the Middle West four, Kentucky one and California one. In the three elevens the East has fifteen men, the Middle West eleven, the South four and California three.

So the East is barely holding its own. In fact, the Mississippi Valley teams played better football than the Eastern colleges this fall, in the opinion of many, while the University of California's eleven is reputed the strongest in the country.

When Mr. Camp devised the all-American eleven his task was simple; he had only to parcel out the decorations among Yale, Harvard and Princeton, with occasional recognition of Pennsylvania, Cornell or Dartmouth or some other neighboring college that happened to possess a lone star. The game was growing up west of the Alleghenies, however, under Eastern coaches, and it has surely arrived now at full stature. Mr. Camp fairly enough

broadened his horizon to make his choice truly "all American." But who could have imagined in 1900 that there would come a year in which Yale's mentor could pick the thirty-three best players in America and there would be but two Yale men among them, notwithstanding Yale's team was unusually strong! That is what Mr. Camp has done this year.

It is a good thing to have the game so nationalized that there is no marked superiority of one section over another. Therein is a just reflection of American equality. The game of life in all departments is played about the same and with corresponding skill at Columbus as at Cambridge, at Berkeley as at Atlanta.

Alfred Tennyson Dickens

Unmarked Grave of the Novelist's Son in Trinity Cemetery

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: It may not be known to a majority of your readers that Alfred Tennyson Dickens, a son of Charles Dickens, is buried in Trinity Cemetery, at Broadway and 155th Street. His grave may be seen at the right of the path, just as one enters from the short flight of steps leading to the lower half of the cemetery, and it is sad to record that it is unmarked by any sort of memorial, although the cemetery authorities give the grave fair attention.

In this connection may I mention a very interesting ceremony which takes place on every Christmas Eve and which will be observed as usual on Saturday of this week? The children of the Chapel of the Intercession, at Broadway and 155th Street, meet in the church at 4 o'clock for their annual "Feast of Lights," after which they form in procession with torches and lamps and proceed to the cemetery, where they decorate the grave of Professor Clement C. Moore, the author of "The Night Before Christmas." On their way back they also decorate the grave of Alfred Tennyson Dickens.

My immediate purpose in writing is to suggest that it would be a splendid idea if a fund could be raised to purchase a suitable stone for the unmarked grave of the son of the great Dickens. I know of several who are ready to contribute and the season is a fitting one to show our appreciation of the one who did so much to make our Christmas brighter and better for his having lived. G. R. M.
New York, Dec. 22, 1921.

If Odds Weren't Published

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I have not seen it pointed out that House bill 6508, against publishing gambling odds, would deliver the public bound into the hands of gamblers, and especially victimize college boys, who will bet on those whom they like.

For instance, were no odds published any gambler would be able to get odds of 2 to 1 from some Princeton men at a football game; and at the same time get odds of 2 to 1 from some Harvard men. Then, whichever one wins, the man who "made the book" wins. If Princeton wins he would pay \$1 to the Princeton man and collect \$2 from the Harvard man, and vice versa.

All laws which restrain equal freedom give similar advantages to the cunning or to the powerful.

BOLTON HALL.
New York, Dec. 20, 1921.

"Revived Ballingierism"

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Congratulations to you on your editorial "Revived Ballingierism." The proposed transfer of the Forest Service to the Department of the Interior is something against which every one who has any interest in the proper management of our timberlands should register a strong protest.

Your editorial has outlined the facts in excellent fashion. Thus far no definite reason has been put forward explaining the proposed measure. We all recall the Pinchot-Ballingier affair of 1910. The rapid progress made by the Forest Service since its removal from the Interior Department to the Department of Agriculture (in 1905) should be ample grounds for observance of the old saw "Let well enough alone." HENRY H. TRYON.
Washington, D. C., Dec. 21, 1921.

College-Bred Mothers

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: As to this matter of college women and marriage, I liked your editorial to-day, but, merciful heavens, how can the question be "mooted"? College teaches a sense of values, and why shouldn't the college woman value marriage and children?

The percentage of children among college-bred women in my acquaintance is well ahead of that among other women. I myself, a Vassarite, have two children. My mother, a Wellesley student, had two; her roommate four. The president of our class, 1907, has five. And, what will surely settle the discussion, the girl who sat next me in Greek, after four years of marriage, possessed five, including two sets of fine looking twins and a "plain" one. What illiterate can match that record? E. D. H.
Elizabeth, N. J., Dec. 20, 1921.

The Congresswoman

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: "If we had four good women in Congress instead of one silly one" are the words ascribed in Tuesday's Tribune to Miss Mary Garrett Hay. As an ardent admirer of the present Oklahoma Congresswoman, I respectfully object to the phrase "silly." I think the Oklahoma member has shown unusual good sense, a splendid balance and a pleasing absence of emotionalism in refraining from "sob-sister" stuff. GEORGE HIRAM MANN.
New York, Dec. 21, 1921.

The Tower

And Here the Traffic Cop of Palestine

I nominate the zabtiyali harake Abdullah, at the corner near the Mosque
Of Omar, in Jerusalem the old.
His uniform a turban snowy-white
Around his fez of red; a coat of black,
His trousers roomy, shoes with turned up toes.
The destinies of seven caravans
Of priceless unguents, spices, gems, and silks
He guides; and meanwhile greets the passers-by,
"Aleikum es salaam." "Salaam aleik!"
They answer. Ever mindful of his faith,
Abdullah kneels and faces Mecca-ward,
Responding to the muezzin's "God is great."

Perhaps you think I've never seen this bird.
By Mahmud, the true prophet, Boss, you're right.
JAWJA.

It pains us to read the bibliographic Mr. Percy Hammond's news that Mr. John Peter Toohy's new book, concerned with the light fingered press-agency, is to be entitled "Fresh Every Hour." Much better would have been "Front Page Stuff," which was abandoned, we hear, because it might mislead the book-purchasing public. Rot! "Front Page Stuff" is a good title and an honest; and "Fresh Every Hour" is misleading.

And Professor Broun is casting about for a title to his threatened novel, which is to treat of a newspaper man and his son. Our suggestion is "The Dead Line." And for his second book of essays, which is led by his review of Ethel M. Hull's w. k. interlude, we suggest "The Not Impossible Sheik."

Elementary Mnemonics

F. P. A.: The infallible method for remembering to buy garters is to leave the old ones at home the day you wish to remember to buy new ones. What bothers me is to remember to leave the old ones at home the day, etc. P. W.

"It was not sent," writes Albert Romeike & Co., Inc. referring to The Tower's reference to "the little brown guy," "because Little, Brown & Co. were subscribers to our Press Clipping Bureau, but just as a curiosity showing that the Albert Romeike & Co. Watch the newspapers very closely and to solicit [sic] their order."

To the aid of Freddy Steele comes M. G., who remembers the song thus: Listen while I tell to you About a maiden fond and true; Her name was Imogene Donahue, And she lived on Silver Street. She was engaged to be married, and promised her hand To the very well leader of the big brass band. Whom all the girls thought very grand. In his uniform so neat. (Ta-rum, Tarum, Tarum, tum-tum.)

CHORUS

When on parade the band would play The latest music of the day. And Cupid's dart cause many a heart To flutter as they passed. The leader glancing left and right To captivate all girls in sight And a big brass drum go boom boom boom!

For the leader of the military band. New Imogene's father, near and far. Was known as the driver of a bob-tail car. And he looked with pride on this musical star. His son-in-law to be. They were very soon married in a stylish way. With the big brass band engaged to And celebrate the wedding day Of Imogene Donahue. (Ta-rum, Tarum, Tarum, tum-tum.)

They'd scarce been married a month or two When Imogene packed her trunk and flew. Away with a man she hardly knew. The matrimonial knot untied. The leader pined away, and died. For the loss of his fickle hearted bride Sweet Imogene Donahue. (Ta-rum, Tarum, Tarum, tum-tum.)

CHORUS

When on parade, etc. Between the engraved lines of many a Christmas card might be read: "Christmas comes but once a year, and so does the thought of you whom I never think of except when I write your name and address on the envelope containing these perfunctory greetings."

"The World Forgetting, etc." [From The Hartford Courant]
Miss Bessie Terhune and Fred Randall left for Passaic, N. J., where they will spend the winter.

That public list of what various nations owe us looks like a roster of members of the human race posted for non-payment of dues and breakage.

All this talk about a law against women smoking worries us a good deal. Men are much harder to graft matches from.

Sick of Detroit to Get Free Aid—Detroit Free Press.
Maybe all they want is free transportation.

No Matter How Tightly Closed the Windows Are, We Always Get a Breeze

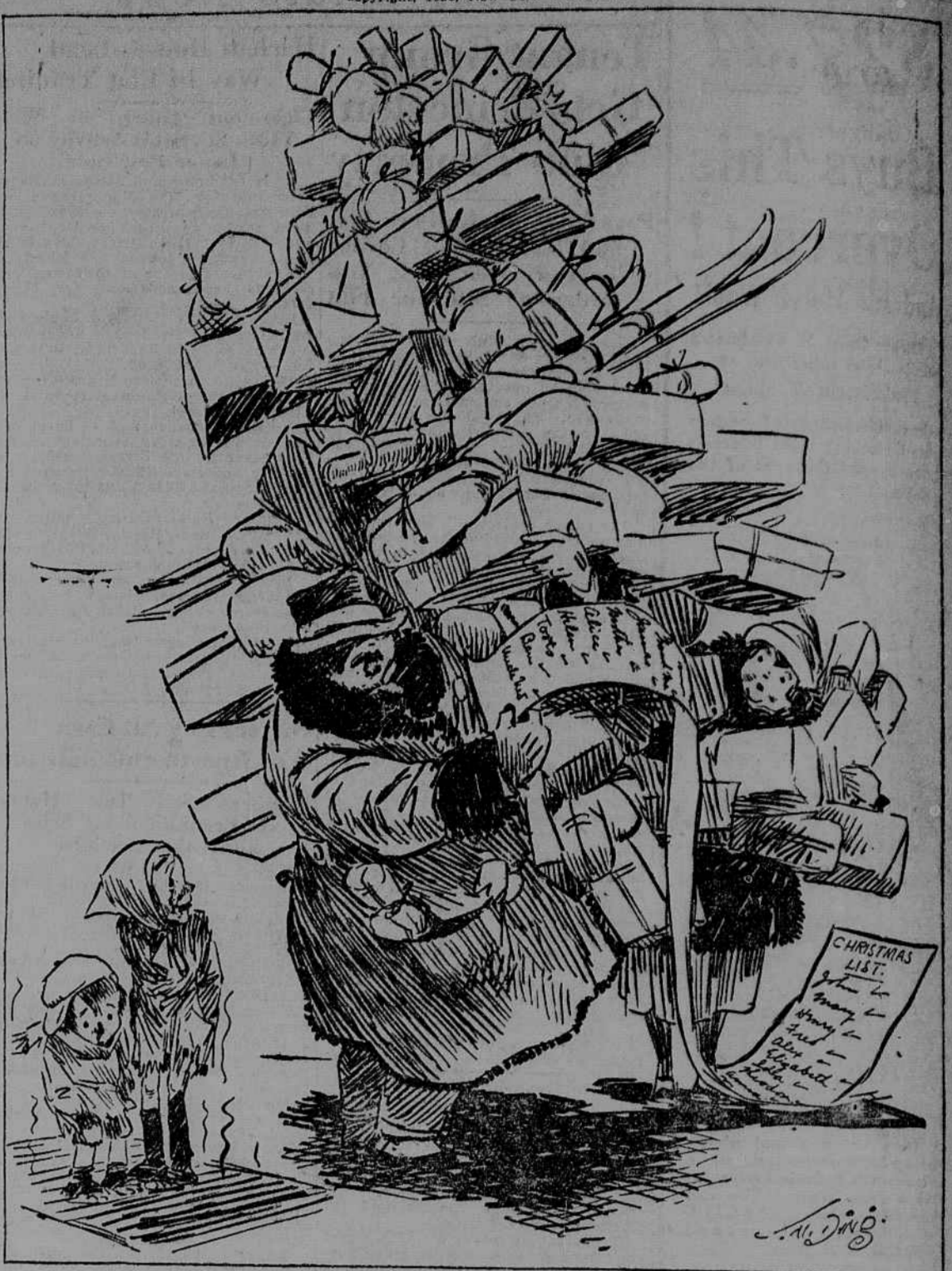
"You are cold, Father William," the young man cried;
"Pray, what is the reason for that?"
"I live on the Drive," Father William replied,
"And pay four thou. a year for my flat."

"My next imitation," said the Riverside Drive window-pane during the Wednesday night game, "will be that of six new subway exits."

F. P. A.

LET'S SEE NOW, WE AREN'T FORGETTING ANYBODY, ARE WE?

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"Marse Henry" on Journalism

Colonel Watterson's Speech to the Canadian Press Association at Toronto in 1910

There is more written and said and less thought about the profession of journalism in which we are engaged and to which we have dedicated our lives than about any other topic of familiar discussion.

I assume it to be a profession. Yet it is without any code of ethics or system of self-restraint and self-respect. It has no sure standards either of work or duty. Its intellectual landscapes are anonymous, its moral destinations confused, if not impalpable. The country doctor, the village lawyer, knows his place and keeps it; is held by certain obligations and inspired by certain traditions; modest and keeping within bounds, though he may be learned and skillful, having the consciousness of superiority. The journalist, be he of city or town, has few if any mental perspectives to fix his professional horizon, no canon laws to guide his wayward footsteps, neither chart of precedent nor map of discovery upon which his sailing lines and travel lines have been distinctly marked. He is a law unto himself, too often a free lance, only the more self-assertive because he lacks assured position and is without authority.

"Unstable as Water"

There are those who even profess to disdain the name of journalist, while proclaiming the power of the press. The affectation of infallibility assumed by the more pretentious to hide the sense of insufficiency, if not of inferiority, communicates itself to the obscure and imitative, sometimes degenerating into foolish and childish bombast. According to a once-received opinion, anybody could keep a hotel and edit a newspaper. Our reading, like our visuals, was ill dressed, the point of view, like the bill of fare, wanting discrimination and variety, with frequent changes of editor and landlord. I agree that we have reformed this measurably, though the newspapers have scarcely made as great progress as the hotels. They are yet what Dr. Rush called them, "vehicles of disjointed thought," carrying the curse of Reuben: "unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

There seems continuity nowhere. The pangryst of yesterday becomes the critic of to-day, the assailant of tomorrow, and as the average purveyor for the press measures his words no more than the average dayman the water he puts into his milk, newspaper lucubration decreases in importance in the proportion that it increases in carelessness, the space writer having his daily grind to do and pursuing lines of least resistance, not always, in his worry and hurry, heedful of justice and accuracy. As I am myself an old offender and have in my career perpetrated all the sins I enumerate, let me at one and the same time serve my warrant and crave your pardon.

The press everywhere, in England and in America, even in Germany and in France, where the personal equation still sets the pace, has deteriorated in weight, while elaborating its methods and augmenting its enterprise; has, as we would say in Kentucky, lost in bottom what it may have gained in heels. We hear it said that it gives the public what it wants. Taking that public as its own creation, it has either overeducated it or undercut itself. But it seems to me that this is an incident of a period of transition.

The old order of personal journalism, with its ideas of individual accountability, often mere egotism and

vanity, has passed away. The new order of impersonal journalism, with its ideas of commercial honor and of public obligation, has not quite adjusted itself to its enlarged habitat and richer apparel. It is, to take another illustration from my beloved bluegrass country, as a thoroughbred yearling that feels his oats and kicks and bites his trainer, yet has the sure making of a Derby winner.

We hear a deal about "yellow journalism." It is much like the pot calling the kettle black. Offences against decency are more or less relative and qualified. More and more will newspaper owners and makers discover that integrity and cleanliness pay the best dividends. The scandal monger will in time be relegated to the category of the unprosperous as well as the disreputable, and the detective be driven out of the newspaper service, where he should have no place, to the company of the police, where he alone belongs. We can as little expect that each newspaper worker shall be a gentleman as that each lawyer and each doctor shall be a gentleman; but many conduct and aspiration should fix the rule, the brutal and vulgar exception, the journalistic brand no less accepted and honorable than that of physic, divinity and jurisprudence.

The newspaper is the history of yesterday. It is made to sell, assuredly; but it is not a commodity, like dry goods, pork and beans, hardware and cutlery. It may not care to have any opinions. But, in case it does, it should seek and aim to be a keeper of the public conscience, an example and counselor, not a corner groceryman; level of head and kindly of heart, upright and elevated, always sincere and truthful, avoiding as it would avoid pestilence and famine, the character of a common scold.

Editorials

The leading editorial, whose disappearance is predicted and whose decline is obvious, has suffered most by the transition process from the personal to the impersonal. There was exaltation in pistols and coffee. The duello was more interesting and less expensive than the libel suit. The good old times of gunplay are, alas! no more. If a gentleman nowadays shoots another gentleman they call it murder. Most of us have to work for a living, and some of us even to be trained to it.

I do not wonder that the wooden nutmeg affair in big type, which for the most part defaces the editorial page, as it is called, having nobody there, and neither continuity of purpose nor the spirit of intellectual rectitude and accountability, has fallen into discredit. It might as well be dispensed with. It is no longer an effective nor an engaging arm of the service.

But the rationale of the day's doings, rendered with good sense and in good faith by a self-respecting, conscientious writer, will always command attention and be worth its space; and as this is done with power or charm will it rank in drawing and selling quality with the news features. Success may be attained without it, but not distinction and influence. It is a cornice to an edifice. It gives style, an air of completeness and attracts attention, which, after all, is the kernel of advertising, at once the source and resource, the buttress and the bell tower, of newspaper enterprise and achievement.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

A Golfer's Farewell to His Kit
I lay the faithful brassie by;
I junk the patient putter,
Expressing with a bitter sigh
The thoughts I dare not utter.
About the course the blizzard hums
For days and days together,
And (Shelley stuff) if winter comes
Can it be golfing weather?

Farewell my mashie—tricky club,
I never learned to master—
You've led me into many a flub
That spelled profound disaster.
My patient practice of the art
Of chipping could not move you
And yet, now we're compelled to part
No longer I'll reprove you.
Farewell to jigger and to creak
With which I've wildly driven,
You've turned my golf to hide and seek
But let that be forgiven.
The way I used to imprecate
Undoubtedly appalled you,
But on the day we separate
Forget the names I've called you.

My heart is heavy as I turn
To other occupations,
And yet one has one's bread to earn
(And also his relations').
My eyes are moist on leaving you,
My soul is bowed with sorrow—
Farewell—at least a day or two—
I'm starting South to-morrow!

One of the Cognosciti

The Standard Oil Company can give Babe Ruth some money-saving advice about that Landis fine.

This Is a Hard World

A man never gets really disillusioned till he sees his wife coming out of a five and ten cent store the day she said she had set apart to select his Christmas present.

Must Have Been Lignum Vitae

The ex-Kaiser's head was injured by a stick of wood. We didn't think any wood to be found in Holland was hard enough.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

But it must be absolutely disinterested and genuine, recognized, no matter how mistaken, as honest, not to be bought by patronage nor bullied because cowardly and afraid.

The single apprehension which has sometimes crossed my fancy touching the modern newspaper has been that it is, by its indifference to personal sensibilities and its invasion of private life incident to the mad rush after news, detaching itself from the affections of the people, but I am an optimist, not a pessimist, and I live in the hope that, finding out the error of educating its public to the lower standards, it will turn about and create a higher order, where good will and good taste are presiding deities, resembling those in days and lands of fable of which we are told that "the gods loved all that spake the truth and lived clean, nor ever forgot to take care of their own."

In a word, I do not think the newspaper should consider itself as a public prosecutor; rather the personal representative, friend and neighbor of good men and good women, pouring in upon the community the sunshine of heaven, not kindling and stirring the fires of hell; its aim and end, first, last and all the time, to enlighten and to brighten, to radiate and to warm, not to embitter, to browbeat and to dazzle.